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a question about which men of science and laymen may speculate to their heart's content. Some man familiar with the comparatively slight jar that it takes to send an avalanche hurtling down a mountain side will doubtless come forward with the theory that the cannoning in progress in the southern theatre of war for the past five months has shaken the earth to its foundations, and that the vibrations passing through the rocky masses have finally produced the appalling catastrophe which is for the moment dividing the attention of the world with the war.

A Peremptory Mandamus. A PEREMPTORY mandamus, has issued from the Common Pleas Court requiring Councils within 30 days to comply with the law and give effect to the housing act. This is the answer of competent judicial authority to the attempt of the municipal legislature to emasculate by inaction a law of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The City Solicitor, in his official capacity, will appeal to the Supreme Court. This will assure some delay, and delay is what the anti-sanitarians in Councils want. They have an idea that they can persuade the Legislature to take the teeth out of the present housing act. They fancy that Harrisburg can be persuaded to retract, to take a step backward, to swallow its own conclusions and substitute a make-believe housing law for the real housing law that is now on the statute books.

They reckon without their host, for in his inaugural address Governor Brumbaugh put the full weight of his authority behind the principle involved. A new and toothless measure will not get by him. He is forewarned because he is forewarned, and "slipping one over on him" will not be so easy as some of the Organization men imagine.

The Governor is not of the same type as Select Councilman Eduard Buchholz, who is also a Real Estate Assessor at \$3000 a Year as well as an expert on bathtubs. The Governor has spent most of his life directing the ignorant into the paths of knowledge and cleanliness, but Mr. Buchholz, whose ideas of progress are novel, says that the "poor devils who come from Russia and other European countries never had a bathtub in their own country and they certainly would not know what to do with one if they had it in their tenements." Fifty years ago there were few bathtubs in the world, yet after strenuous efforts and careful education most people in this United States know now how to use them.

A peremptory mandamus from the court and another from the people! Councils is not a big enough obstruction to stop the progress of sanitation and decent living.

Orgies of Progress. IT IS beginning to appear that Mr. Villa tackled a bear when he began wrestling with Carranza, and there is some reason to assume also that Washington made a bad guess when it picked the Juarez bandit as a winner.

There is some decency left in Mexico. There are people there who will not and cannot countenance the orgies which Villa has introduced into government. True, most of the awful things he does have been kept from public knowledge in the United States, although every now and then reports of typical incidents leak through; as when General Scott waited patiently for an interview, and Villa, somewhere else, waited impatiently for his prey to be brought to him, in the form of a Spanish girl, whose reputation for beauty had reached his ears.

Carranza is not a paragon by any means, but in comparison with Villa he shines luminously. Our own President, meantime, declares that blood-letting and murder and rapine and pillage are the privilege of the Mexican people, in which they should be permitted to indulge to their full content. They are doing it.

Terror That Reason Allays. THE effect of the German airship raid upon the east coast of England is almost entirely psychological. A few houses were wrecked by bombs dropped from the invading aerial fleet, six persons were killed and about a score were injured. This material damage is not commensurate with the risk taken by the invaders. But the British have been dreading such a visit ever since the war began, and last year and the year before the whole country was excited by reports that German aeroplanes had been seen at night over various coast towns. When the airships actually cross the North Sea—it matters not what they are, Zeppelins or aeroplanes—the actuality strikes terror to the heart of the timid and makes the brave wonder what it portends.

But the terror will react into determination. The inviolability of British soil is a sacred tradition not to be disturbed with impunity, and the British will take a grip upon their courage, hasten the drilling of their volunteer armies and send them across the Channel at the earliest possible moment to reinforce the troops on the battle line. The Germans, perhaps, do not make allowance for this psychological jacking up of the British courage by these affairs. But it is the most noteworthy result of the aerial raid, as well as of the sortie of German warships which attacked the coast towns a little farther north a few weeks ago.

Notwithstanding the momentary panic, the intelligent Englishman knows that the Zeppelins have not yet done anything which justifies the belief that they can be used for actual military attack. They are useful as scouts, but that is about all. They can frighten people by dropping bombs, but the bombs do not hit what they are aimed at. England is still safe from invasion if she keeps command of the North Sea with her navy.

What Pennsylvania needs as much as a new Constitution in the law books is a new conscience in the voters.

The District of Columbia really ought to be "dry" for the protection of the innocent and unsuspecting Congressmen.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE AND CITY STREETS

The Unsubdued Frontiers of Civilized Society—Stories of the City Jungles. Making the Streets Safe for Children.

(By a Member of the Child Federation) THE South Philadelphia Branch of the Child Federation recently sent a representative to the meeting of the Board of Recreation to urge consideration of certain matters pertaining to the interests of children who play in the streets, especially as touching streets in which they might well play under supervision.

The Board of Recreation appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of using as play spaces, under supervision, the street areas immediately adjoining small city playgrounds and school yards which are used as public playgrounds. "Getting children off the street" has been the slogan of many efforts in their behalf. As a symbolic expression this represents well enough what needs doing. As a matter of fact program it is a folly and an impossibility. For thousands of families in our crowded quarters the "home," if constantly lived in by the normal group of from five to ten persons, must become a hotbed of ill health. Yards, gardens, private grounds? Oh, no! The street and the street alone is the resource for life.

The Streets as Dooryard. Change the home? Yes, by every practicable measure of education and of economic progress. The surest method is to provide increase and security of income, but that seems, in view of the unskilled economic leadership from which our city and our nation suffer, a silly dream, at least as a thing to expect today or tomorrow. But why not attack the street as an immediate program, while working at other lines of improvement? Parenthetically, let us urge that we never practice the fallacy of chronological sequence in social improvement matters, thinking and saying, "this must be done first or before that." The law of social improvement is analogous to the law of the expansion of gases in physics, rather than to the axiom about the straight line as the shortest distance between two points in geometry. We are to welcome pressure at any one point as a symptom of an equal pressure in every other direction, even though we may not see these other pushings and may fail to understand or like the goal toward which they are making.

Now, the streets are the dooryards and play spaces of millions of children, taking cities in any number under view, and will so continue. They are at this moment more easily within community control and management than the conditions of housing, the provision of playgrounds, the rate of wages; in short, than any one of the big general social reforms which are to alter significantly the background of child life. No matter what special provision for playgrounds, recreation centres and so on be made, the street is and must be part of the city child's home outfit. Nothing can be done which will ever "keep him off the street," except partially as to interest and fractionally as to time.

Life in the Jungle. It is probable that child life in the forested jungles has its own conventions and safeguards—as well as dangers. Even in the land of the Bandarlog (see Kipling's Jungle Books as convincing authority), the elders have worked out a system of life for their young, and by this system little people are prepared to become elders of quality and parts, fit to conduct the system for the next supply of little people—and so on, and so on, to the result that the race shall continue without deterioration—which is probably the only real business that a race has to attend to. At any rate, if it falls in this business it can succeed in no other, though it may keep its head above water a long time.

There is a sickeningly close likeness in many physical particulars between unpleasantness of the primitive jungle life and the lives of many people in the crowded, poverty-damaged, avoided areas of American cities in which we find the real and as yet unsubdued frontier of civilized society. And here the constructive, socially minded citizen is the frontiersman, cutting down and clearing off the obstacles to reasonable living; building up the things which shall remain. What can he do with the street? As it stands it is an active, formative, living and constant influence. Its interest is vivid, its hold tenacious, usually unbreakable. Here are two or three pictures of its work.

Fire Worshipers. A frosty twilight. A tuppenny hapenny bonfire in the gutter, hardly larger than might be built on a teatray, is tended zealously by a bunch of the little people who busily feed it with every scrap of paper, wood and dry refuse that can in any way be come by. Not one of the half dozen fire worshipers counts his age at more than eight years. They crouch so close to the blaze that danger seems to clutch at them from every wavering blaze. Two of them I know and greet. "Hello, Dominic. How are you Jimmy? Does the policeman let you have a fire like that? It isn't election, you know."

Out flashes a quick arm in a vivid gesture toward the blue coat a half square away. "Oh, yes, we ain't allowed to have it, but he's a good cop. He don't do us nuttin'. We like him. We get peanuts for him."

It's a Fight. Christmas Eve—about 8 o'clock. Sixteen-year-old John is driving a grocery wagon and, with one of his pals, is helping two feminine agents of Santa Claus deliver Christmas dinner baskets in the narrow streets and alleys of the third ward. Suddenly a peculiar piercing whistle splits the air. John's head jerks to attention and his answering whistle travels back before the cleft in the air has had time to close. Round the corner from the wider street dashes a chunky boy on the dead run. John's horse is stopped before the boy is near enough to speak, and John leaps to meet the panting word.

"How soon can you come? We've got a fight." "I can't—I can't, I'm helping with these Christmas baskets." Then, turning to the supervising agent of Santa, who listens with interest the more intense because John is a volunteer, free to stop at any preferred call of pleasure, he inquires, "How much more long will it take?" With a sudden access of calculating optimism she responds firmly, "About half an hour, I should say." "Hot stuff," says the foot-loose scout, "he'll hold it back till 9 o'clock." "Right-o—I'll be with you, Golden. Hang on, boys, it's worth it!"



As they hustle along the agent says, "Where is your fight, John?" "On — street." "Does your gang fight mostly north or south of your own street?" "Huh, we don't care, we fight anywhere we can get it."

At 11 o'clock, as they part, the agent says, "I'm awfully sorry we couldn't get through, and you had to miss your fight."

"Oh, never mind," says John, "we have lots of them. I was glad to help you."

More Episodes of the Jungle. Many episodes of life in the city streets are such as to make the soul shudder. There grows in the mind, through an extended sojourn in the jungle, an understanding of the frequency of such episodes and the part adult men play in them. It is unappealingly base and horrible. One is struck with amazed horror to find how widespread is the expectation of sex danger to little girls, and how often the fear of the risk is justified by the event. No one piece of knowledge of the street is so damning an indictment of human backwardness in the care of offspring. Instinct degraded to unreason, not grown up to reason, seems the basis of life.

The Child Federation stands for the idea that since (note we say since, not if) children are to live in and be formed by the street, the street must be made a place where children may safely live and be formed.

It hopes to hammer out of its studies of child life and its surveys of conditions a concrete program of certain practicable measures of street use and development. Some points are already clear, some things are being tried already in other cities. We hope shortly to present an account of such efforts and to indicate in some detail the work to be done in our own city.

THE PRIDE OF THE LOW-BROW

Illustrated From History, Our Supreme Achievement in Fiction.

By BURTON KLINE

HISTORY, our supreme achievement in fiction, has somewhere among her fascinating records the story of a stag dinner given by Plato to a bunch of his friends. But, being not quite certain of the table manners of Diogenes, the Grecian Emerson had omitted that most celebrated of lowbrows from his banquet. Whereupon Diogenes promptly came to the dinner anyway, and arriving right in the middle of it, he pained them all by kicking up the rugs and yelling in a fury, "This is how I trample on the pride of Plato!"

"But with still greater pride, O Diogenes!" Plato gently insinuated, for the rare old boy was always there with the ready answer. "There is the whole essence of low-browism. And there is the complete answer to it. Now and again you read in your newspaper of the death of some hermit who has retired from society in a great huff. The old fellow had probably applauded himself all his life for being a strong man, quite above the disgusting follies of life in Philadelphia. Strong? He was nothing of the sort. Diogenes, 'trampling on the pride of Plato,' was not more 'haughty' than he.

The great thing is to wear trousers, eat scrapple, live life according to all the rules, and be somebody in spite of it. History also records the pithy remark of a certain Frenchman who was running for Senator. When asked why he was doing so, he answered, "In order not to seem eccentric." Everybody else in his district was running for Senator, and he was too well-bred, too strong, to seize an easy opportunity for seeming to be superior to his fellows. There was a real man. He saw that no one is really "on the way to distinction" till he has conformed to all the rules.

The low-brow who wears overalls to a wedding may think he is trampling on the pride of Plato. Instead he is confessing to an enormous love of himself. It isn't brains, but the lack of brains, that thinks to win not by beating the game but by busting the rules. There's the weakness of the Socialist. Their philosophy is a confession that they can't play the game and want the rules changed in their favor.

Among the many distinctions of George Washington, one of them, perhaps the most important, has been forgotten. George was perhaps the loveliest dancer of his age. Now go to any dance, and you will meet many men who scorn to be thought "lovely" dancers. They feel superior to grace, but in reality grace is superior to them. And they confess that fact in their very defiance. They expect to win by not playing the game. Whereas the great thing is to be as superb in the minutest as you are in the Presidential dance.

There is ever a divorce between the world of sense and the world of spirit, and the question of how much love we may expend upon external things will always arise, and will always be a cause of perplexity to those who do not choose to abandon themselves to the general drift of sensual life. This question is as difficult as the concrete question of what are our duties toward ourselves and our duties toward others.—George Moore.

A JOB FOR JUSTICE.



EMPLOYERS' SIDE OF COMPENSATION

Some of the Reasons Why Industrial Insurance Is to Be Regarded as a Matter of Social, Rather Than Class, Legislation.

By RAYMOND G. FULLER

SOMEBODY wrote the other day that the time has now come when the public recognizes that the employer is in duty bound to look after and take care of his employes. It was a few days ago, also, that the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, through its president as spokesman, said: "We shall support any measure" (in the State Legislature) "which will promote industry and improve the condition of industrial workers without endangering the first essential to their comfort and happiness—wages."

The association declares itself to be in favor of the principle of workmen's compensation, and says that it wants Pennsylvania to have a workmen's compensation law.

These three facts are full of significance. The writer who referred to the employer as a guardian of the welfare of the employes misconceived entirely the new social spirit in industry which he thought he was interpreting. The adoption of his idea would lead to the worst kind of class legislation. The last thing that the workers want, and certainly the last thing that they should have, is protection through any form of employers' paternalism. Labor is not asking for workmen's compensation as a favor; neither is it trying to get something for nothing when it makes the demand.

Mutual Advantage or None. The quotation from the statement of the Manufacturers' Association is so worded that it seems, in part, to express the views of the rearguard of retreating paganism in industry. That tender solicitude for the comfort and happiness of the workers, that firm determination not to do anything which would endanger their precious wages, rests on no truer sanction than does the practice of ranking the workers a little lower than machines.

But the complete statement of the association as to its attitude toward workmen's compensation shows that the members of that body regard themselves neither as philanthropic patrons of labor nor as victims of oppression, and that, therefore, they are of sound mind on one of the most important questions to come before the present Legislature at Harrisburg. They are not out for workmen's compensation as a charity or as a surrender.

Social legislation, if it is to be worth while, must be founded on the advantage of both or all parties concerned. The law of advantage which has made every inch of economic history promises the universal adoption of industrial insurance. A square deal for industry's rank and file stands on a par with a square deal for industry's captains. If "social and economic justice" means anything at all it means the opportunity of every employer and every employe to put forth his utmost effort—for himself. Co-operation toward that end is the way to economic freedom. It is the democratic way toward greater democracy. An article on "American Kultur," recently published on this page, dealt with altruism and self-interest as the allied forces which are building a splendid national efficiency. Enlightened self-interest brings employers to the support of workmen's compensation.

The Folly of Obstruction. True, the making of a compensation law is accompanied by more or less conflict; but the less of it, the greater the gain for both sides. The New York law has been called exceptionally severe on the employers, though the judgment time is not yet, the statute having been in operation too short a time. But if the employers got the worst of it, they may blame themselves. In a few years' time several bills were drawn up, two of them finding their way to the statute books, and each one after the first was regarded by the labor forces as a new and bigger victory. Had the employers withdrawn their violent opposition earlier in the legislative history of the New York law and co-operated more willingly in the framing of a bill they undoubtedly would not have lost so much ground.

In the States which still lack compensation laws the employers are not likely to adopt the policy of obstruction. Nothing can stop the progress of industrial insurance. Every country in Europe, except Switzerland and Turkey, has workmen's compensation, and so have the following 24 States of the Union: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Louisiana, Arizona, Nevada, California, Oregon and Washington. In a dozen or more other States bills will be considered by the Legislature this year.

No State which has once enacted a compensation law has changed its mind about its underlying principle. Maryland started the ball rolling in this country with a law which was afterward declared unconstitutional, but that State came back a little later with a constitutional statute. Ohio began with an elective act. After its repeal Dudley R. Kennedy, special counsel for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, one of the largest subscribers to the present insurance fund of

that State, said: "There has been no great found with that act, except that it did not go far enough in its provisions toward making it compulsory for employers to skin, and hence was not as universally taken advantage of as it would have been if the advantages of compensation had been more widely understood by employers and employes." Ohio passed a compulsory act in 1911. Employers in those States having compensation are not seeking to have the statutes repealed. As the National Civic Federation reports, experience under the act has mostly removed the objections which the employers urged previous to their passage. They endorse the principle of workmen's compensation. Their criticism concerns the form in which it is variously embodied in the different States. Industrial Accident Boards report active co-operation among all parties with respect to proposals for statutory amendment. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, which favors a compensation law for this State, should call attention to the fact that the form of the law is a question which justifies difference of opinion.

The Question of Cost. The principal remaining objection relates to the cost of compensation. Data which afford a true comparison of the cost to employers in settlement of accident claims under the new laws and settlement under the previously existing system, or lack of system, are not yet available, though it appears in the actual cash the employers as a whole pay out more in real compensation in a given period than they did under the old liability laws. H. H. Kinney, secretary of the Los Angeles branch of the State Industrial Accident Bureau of California, is quoted as saying that the employers in that State pay less, all told, than before the law went into effect. Certain it is that many economies must be reckoned in striking the balance. Financial advantage to the employer consists partly in the fact that obligation becomes fixed. He can estimate his probable accident cost for a current period and add it to the cost of his finished product. The ultimate consumer pays it in such proportion and in such intangible fashion that it passes unnoticed. The truth is that a compensation law does not add a burden. It rather regulates a burden that already existed in some form or other and distributes it by means of insurance. This ideal result will be more completely realized when acts are both compulsory and uniform, and the desired uniformity will be the sooner achieved the faster the individual States adopt the provisions of the various acts which experience shows give the best results.

The cost of compensation and the cost of insurance are subjects which merit more detailed treatment, and will, therefore, be considered in a subsequent article. The results of the ambulance-chasers and the reduction of litigation suggest only a few of the advantages to employers protected by a compensation law.

Social Not Class Legislation. There are certain economies that accrue not only to employers, but to the public at large. One is the saving in trial court costs, especially where the administration of the law is entrusted to an accident board. In large industrial centres at least one-third of the time of the trial courts is consumed in employers' liability litigation. The public saves a great deal, also, in poor relief expenditures when it is considered that, with compensation or their families who are placed in a position where they are compelled to seek relief of this kind, there is danger that some of them will be weak enough to acquire the habit. More important than money considerations is the development of better feeling, of a greater sense of common interest, between employer and employe. When both the private and social advantages of workmen's compensation are summed up, these have been seen to be a practical expression of the fact that we are all members of one body.

TO A PROBE-BIRD

Under saves, out of the wet. You nest within my fads. And when at hand you realign. You have a golden speech. You sit and quirk a rapid-tail. You wrinkle a ragged crest. Than pirouette from tree to rail. And vault from rail to nest. And when in frequent witty frisk. You grazeily slip and fade. And when at hand you realign. Demure and unafraid. And when you bring your brood to light. Of iridescent wings. And green dew in your bill. Your silence is what sings. Not of a feather that adorns. To probe of waxes or green. Oh Phoenix, with your lack of noise. What eloquence you teach. —Walter Hunter, in the